ATLAS
BATTLE ACTION
BATTLE ACTION
BATTLE ACTION
BATTLE ACTION
DEC.
NO.
14
BATTLE
ACTION
10¢
CAN A HANDFUL OF
G.I.'S HOLD AN ENTIRE
"RED TOWN"?

GIVEN - GIVEN - GIVEN

BE FIRST

BE FIRST

BOYS GIRLS

WE ARE RELIABLE

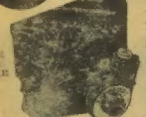
LADIES MEN

ACT NOW

1000 Shot Red Ryder Repeater Air Rifles with Tube of Shot, Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Dolls, Radios, Footballs (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE, used for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 66th year. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 148-6, TYRONE, PA.

MAIL COUPON

OUR 60th YEAR



OUR 60th YEAR

Be First Act Now

GIVEN - PREMIUMS - CASH

Wrist Watches, School Boxes, Pen & Pencil Sets, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Footballs (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE beautiful art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked in our big catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. 60th year. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 148-7, Tyrone, Pa.

Act Now

WATCHES

BOYS GIRLS

MAIL COUPON

60th YEAR

BE FIRST

ACT NOW

ONCE IN A LIFETIME

-LOOK-

A REAL LIVE

PONY

Wrist Watches, Ukuleles, Fishing Sets, Bike Lights, Genuine 22 Cal. Rifles all sent postage paid. Simply Give beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and so easily sold at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your starting order postage paid by us. Mail coupon. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 148-9, TYRONE, PA.

CASH - GIVEN - PREMIUMS

Radios, Billfolds, Baseball Outfits, Swim Masks, Food Choppers, Softballs, Blankets (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE beautiful art pictures with White Cloverine Brand Salve for chaps and mild burns and so easily sold to friends, neighbors and relatives at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your starting order postage paid by us.

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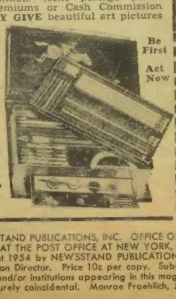
OUR 60th YEAR



Be First

Act Now

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 148-30, Tyrone, Pa. Date .....

Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name ..... Age.....

St. ..... RD..... Box.....

Town ..... Zone No..... State.....

Print Name Here LAST

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

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THE TOWN!

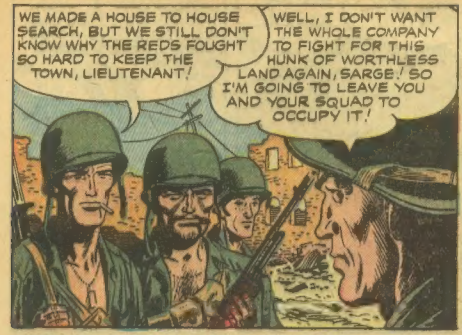
ON THE MILITARY MAPS OF KOREA, THE SMALL, BOMBED-OUT, CIVILIAN-DESERTED TOWN OF CHOYONG, WAS NO LONGER CONSIDERED STRATEGICALLY IMPORTANT! THEN WHY DID THE RED ARMY FIGHT FOR IT, WHEN THE DOGGIES OF FOX COMPANY ADVANCED TOWARD IT ON AUG. 17, 1952?

CA-RIPES! IF THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE AN EASY TOWN TO TAKE, SARGE, THEN I HOPE WE NEVER HAVE TO TAKE ANY ROUGH ONES!
THE EASY ONES ARE ALWAYS THE ROUGH ONES, BOOM-BOOM!
RUSS HEATH
F123

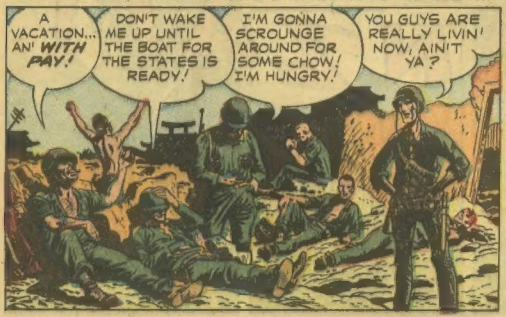
HEY, SARGE! GET THAT GOONIE IN THE UPSTAIRS WINDOW WITH THE GRENADE! I GOT BANZAI BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF DOWN HERE!
OKAY, BOOM-BOOM... MIND YOUR BUSINESS!

HOLY SMOKES! SCRAM, BOOM-BOOM! OR THE GOONIE I PLUGGED'LL PLOP ON YA WITH HIS LIVE GRENADE!
THAT MAKES TWO GOOD REASONS FOR ME TO SCRAM!
BOOM-BOOM AND THE SARGE GOT OUT OF THERE FAST AND THE CHARGING REDS MOVED IN AFTER THEM... AND UNDER THE FALLING RED!
'MELICANS RUN! THEY AFRAID OF...
OWWW!
OOFF!
AND A SECOND LATER...
BLAM!
NOW COVER ME, BOOM-BOOM! I'M GONNA DISPOSSESS SOME NOISY TENANTS FROM THE GROUND FLOOR OF THIS COMMIE APARTMENT HOUSE!
YOU'RE COVERED, SARGE!
BRAT
BRT
TIME TO MOVE, RATSKIS... AN' HERE'S YOUR EVICTION NOTICE!
BROOM

A HUNDRED AND ONE GRENADES LATER, THE TOWN WAS TAKEN, AND FOX COMPANY WAS READY TO MOVE ON...


WE MADE A HOUSE TO HOUSE SEARCH, BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHY THE REDS FOUGHT SO HARD TO KEEP THE TOWN, LIEUTENANT!
WELL, I DON'T WANT THE WHOLE COMPANY TO FIGHT FOR THIS HUNK OF WORTHLESS LAND AGAIN, SARGE! SO I'M GOING TO LEAVE YOU AND YOUR SQUAD TO OCCUPY IT!

AFTER FOX COMPANY MOVED OUT OF THE TOWN, THE EIGHT MEN OF SERGEANT BRONSKI'S SQUAD WERE ALL SET TO RELAX...


A VACATION... AN' WITH PAY!
DON'T WAKE ME UP UNTIL THE BOAT FOR THE STATES IS READY!
I'M GONNA SCROUNGE AROUND FOR SOME CHOW! I'M HUNGRY!
YOU GUYS ARE REALLY LIVIN' NOW, AIN'T YA?

WELL, YA WON'T BE FOR LONG, YA TIN-HEADED MUD SLOGGERS... IF YA DON'T GET UP OFFA YOUR G.I. SEATS AN' START SETTIN' UP A DEFENSE AROUND THE TOWN!

THE SQUAD SET UP MACHINE GUNS AND BARRICADES...

LIKE YOU ALWAYS SAY, BOOM-BOOM... IF THEM REDS DON'T WANT THIS TOWN, THEN I HOPE I NEVER MEET ANY THAT DO!
ALL RIGHT, WISE GUY... RUB IT IN!
BANZAI! BANZAI!

IF YOU'D LET US GOOF OFF THE WAY WE WANTED TO, SARGE... WE'D BE MIGHTY SORRY RIGHT NOW!
YEAH, YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
CUT THE CHATTER AN' SHOOT!

THE FIRST RED BANZAI FELL BEFORE THE G.I.'S MACHINE-GUN FIRE...

BANZAI NO. 2 WAS A CARBON COPY OF THE FIRST ONE...

AFTER THAT, THE REDS TOOK THE HINT THAT THE DOGGIES WERE IN THE TOWN TO STAY, AND THEY BANZAIED NO MORE...

NOT THAT I MISS THE REDS, BUT WHERE IN BLAZES ARE THEY? THEY HAVEN'T ATTACKED IN HOURS!
AN' ANOTHER QUEER THING IS... WHY DOESN'T THEIR ARTILLERY SHELL US?

ON THE COMMUNIST SIDE OF THE BATTLE-GROUND, AN EAGER ARTILLERY SERGEANT ASKED THE SAME QUESTION OF HIS OFFICER, AND FOR AN ANSWER HE GOT A SLAP IN THE MOUTH...

OWW!
KEEP LIPS AND GUNS SILENT, SON OF A CAMEL! THERE WILL BE NO SHELLING! WE WILL BYPASS THE TOWN IN OUR COUNTER-ATTACK... AND STARVE OUT THE AMERICANS!

AND IN THE TOWN, THE G.I.'S HAD GUESSED WHAT THE REDS WERE UP TO...

YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT, SARGE! THEY ***BYPASSED*** US... AND NOW WE'RE TRAPPED IN ENEMY TERRITORY!

HEY! WHERE'S CHOW-HOUND?

HELP! SARGE, HELP!

CA-RIPES! IT'S CHOW-HOUND! HE'S IN TROUBLE IN THAT HOUSE! LET'S GO!

I DON'T SEE HIM! I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!

THEN TAKE A SQUINT DOWN HERE AN' YOU'LL SEE SOMETHIN' THAT'LL MAKE YOUR EYES POP!

HOLY SMOKES! IT'S A COMMIE UNDERGROUND TANK DEPOT! NO WONDER THEY WERE SO EAGER TO GET THE TOWN BACK!

YEAH, AN' THAT'S WHY THEY DIDN'T SHELL US! I CAME IN HERE SCROUNGING FOR SOME CHOW AN' MY 225 POUNDS FELL THRU THE FLOOR AN' I FOUND THIS!

WHICH GIVES ***ME*** A BRAIN STORM! YOU USED TO BE A TANKER, BOOM-BOOM! THINK YA CAN TEACH US HOW TO DRIVE THESE THINGS?

SURE, SARGE! IT'S LIKE DRIVIN' A CAR... ONLY DIFFERENT!

THAT SQUAD RECEIVED THE SHORTEST TANK COURSE ON RECORD! AND WHEN IT GOT DARK, THREE OF THE RED TANKS ROLLED OUT OF THE UNDERGROUND GARAGE OVER THE CAMOUFLAGED RAMP... AND THEN OUT OF ***THE TOWN***...

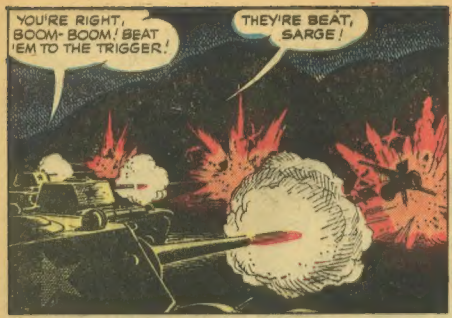
WE'LL BLAST EVERYTHIN' THAT'LL SLOW DOWN THAT BIG RED COUNTER-DRIVE!

AN' WE DON'T HAVE TO BE EXPERT GUNNERS, 'CAUSE WITH THESE RED TANKS, WE CAN GET REAL ***CLOSE*** TO THE TARGETS WITHOUT GETTIN' STOPPED!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, THE G.I.'S SPOTTED THEIR FIRST TARGET...

HOLY SMOKES! IT'S THE RED ARTILLERY GUNS! LET'S CLOSE IN AN' OPEN UP!

CRIPES, SARGE! I THINK THEY'RE WISE TO US... THEY'RE LOWERIN' THEIR MUZZLES!



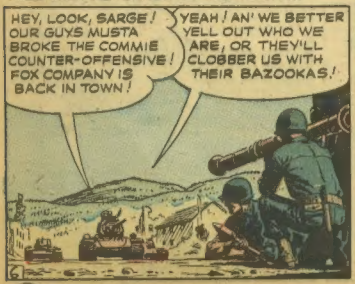
YOU AN' THE OTHER GUYS GOT 'EM WITH THE FIRST BINGO! THE TANK CORPS SURE LOST A TERRIFIC TANKMAN WHEN YOU TRANSFERRED TO THE INFANTRY, BOOM-BOOM!
AW, SARGE! YOU'RE ONLY SAYIN' THAT 'CAUSE IT'S SO TRUE! NOW LET'S RAMBLE AN' I'LL SHOW YA SOME REAL SHOOTIN'!

THE THREE RAIDING TANKS CRAWLED THRU RED TERRITORY AND BLASTED AMMO AND GAS DUMPS!

THEY RAMBLED INTO THE COMMUNIST HEADQUARTERS AREA, AND THEY ERASED THE HEART OF THE COUNTER-OFFENSIVE DRIVE...

THEN THEY CHOKED OFF THE LIFELINE OF THE RED PUSH WHEN THEY BLOCKED A ROAD AND STALLED HUNDREDS OF TRUCKS FILLED WITH MEN AND SUPPLIES HEADED FOR THE FRONT TO FEED THE DRIVE! THE TANKS CLOBBERED THE TRUCKS WITH SHELLS!

THE SARGE AND HIS SQUAD RAIDED RED TERRITORY UNTIL THE KOREAN SUNRISE... THEN THEY RETURNED TO THE TOWN...


HEY, LOOK, SARGE! OUR GUYS MUSTA BROKE THE COMMIE COUNTER-OFFENSIVE! FOX COMPANY IS BACK IN TOWN!
YEAH! AN' WE BETTER YELL OUT WHO WE ARE, OR THEY'LL CLOBBER US WITH THEIR BAZOOKAS!

THE TANK-INFANTRY WAS RECOGNIZED AND THE BAZOOKAS HELD FIRE! AFTER THE LIEUTENANT HEARD THE SQUAD'S STORY HE SHOOK HIS HEAD AND SMILED!

THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN WAR TALES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

NOW You Can Fly a Real JET PLANE!

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actually Fly at a Scale Speed of 600 M.P.H.

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The SIL-O-JETS come complete with the famous JETEX #50 jet engine and all parts cut out for you. Just follow the easy instructions, glue the parts together—and you're set for all the thrills of real jet flight.

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SIL-O-JET (Dept. MC12)
AMERICA'S HOBBY CENTER, INC.
152 West 25th St., New York 1, N. Y.

RUSH!

☐ Please RUSH my 3 SIL-O-JETS and JETEX #50 engine. I will pay the postman only $1.98 plus C.O.D. charges on arrival.

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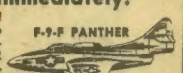
CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

☐ I enclose 25c (coin) for your giant 128 page 2-color catalog listing over 10,000 model and hobby items (airplanes, speedboats, race cars, engines, accessories, etc.)

SENSATIONAL BONUS OFFER!

If You Act Immediately!

For a limited time only! You get not one but three complete scale JET airplanes: F-9-F PANTHER and F-94 STARFIRE **in addition** to your F-89 SCORPION! Make and fly all three. Rush the coupon and we'll send all 3 exciting jet fighters **without extra cost** as part of this special introductory offer.



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AMAZING JETEX #50 JET ENGINE

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YOURS AT NO EXTRA COST!

The world's smallest jet engine and the most powerful engine of its size ever sold. It runs on solid fuel, starts every time . . . completely reliable. NO MOVING PARTS TO BREAK OR WEAR OUT. Can be used to power model airplanes, racing cars and boats.

ALL FOR $1.98

GUARANTEED TO FLY

Each SIL-O-JET is unconditionally guaranteed to fly if you follow the simple instructions. If the SIL-O-JETS do not fly, return with the JETEX #50 engine within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

AMERICA'S HOBBY CENTER, INC., 152 W. 25th St., New York 1, N. Y.

THIS WAS AACHEN AFTER 21 DAYS OF THE MOST SAVAGE FIGHTING SINCE D-DAY! THIS WAS THE HISTORIC CITY WHICH HAD SEEN THE CORONATION OF CHARLEMAGNE A THOUSAND YEARS AGO! IT WAS A SYMBOL FOR HITLER AND HIS THOUSAND YEAR REICH, AND BECAUSE OF THIS, THE NAZIS VOWED TO SEE IT PULVERIZED RATHER THAN SURRENDERED! THUS DID AACHEN FALL IN—

21 DAYS

F21

THE DECISION TO STORM THE SIEGFRIED LINE BY A FRONTAL ASSAULT WAS MADE IN ALLIED GHQ IN LATE SEPTEMBER...

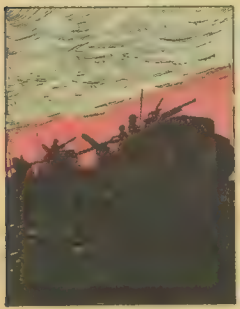
AACHEN GUARDS THE WESTERN PLAINS LEADING TO GERMANY'S HEART! AACHEN IS ALSO THE BASTION BEHIND WHICH THE SIEGFRIED LINE LIES!

THE ASSAULT ON AACHEN WAS EXPECTED BY THE NAZIS, AND FROM THEIR HARD-PRESSED FRONTS, THEY SELECTED THE CREAM OF THEIR STRENGTH TO DEFEND THE CITY...

THE 87TH FROM GELDERN! THE 3RD TANK CORPS FROM REMSCHEID... THE 21ST ARTILLERY BATTALION FROM NEUWIED! ALL ARE TO PROCEED TO AACHEN AT ONCE!

ALREADY HEAVILY DEFENDED, THE FORCES IN AACHEN WERE SWELLED BY SWARMS OF REINFORCEMENTS. THE ROADS LEADING TO THE CITY WERE CLOGGED WITH TROOPS...

TO THE INFANTRY WERE ADDED VETERAN PANZER UNITS DRAWN FROM POINTS EAST...



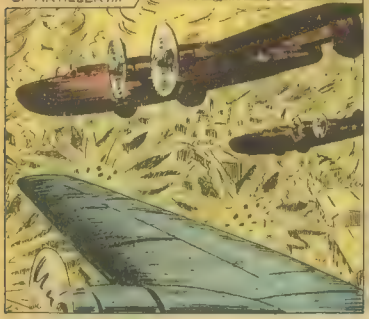
AND THE HORDE OF NAZI STEEL MOVED INTO AACHEN TO BECOME INTEGRATED INTO ITS DEFENSE...

THE BATTLE FOR AACHEN BEGAN IN THE PRE-DAWN HOURS OF OCTOBER 2ND. IT BEGAN WITH DEADLY EXPLOSIVES HURTLING FROM THE LONG THROATS OF YANK ARTILLERY...

THE GREAT SHELLS LOBBED INTO THE VITALS OF THE CITY, CHEWING UP GREAT CHUNKS OF CONCRETE...

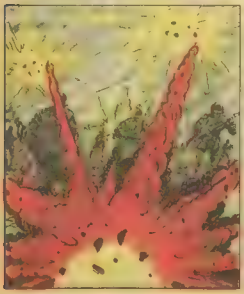
WITH UNRELENTING FURY THE BARRAGE CONTINUED, BUT THE NAZIS SIMPLY DUG DEEPER

THE SECOND DAY DAWNED, AS THE AIR FORCE ADDED ITS STING TO THE SLASHING DESTRUCTION OF ARTILLERY...



AACHEN WAS RIPE FOR ASSAULT, AND ASSAULT COULD BE EFFECTED ONLY BY INFANTRY! THE MACHINES HAD FINISHED THEIR WORK FOR A WHILE! NOW THE MEN TOOK OVER...

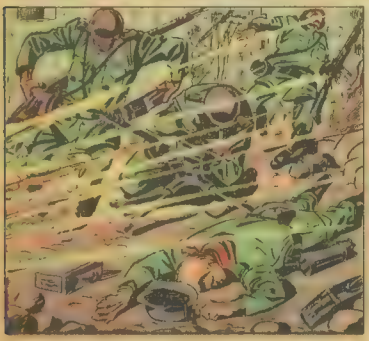
A WAVERING, STRAGGLING LINE OF YANK FIGHTERS MOVED IN TOWARD THE FIRST OBJECTIVE... THE ANCIENT STONE WALL WHICH GUARDED THE CITY...



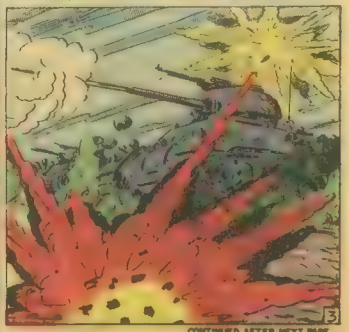
FROM THE MASS WERE SEPARATED SMALL, HUMAN ELEMENTS OF INDIVIDUALS ALL FIGHTING FOR ONE GOAL... VICTORY!

THEY FOUND THE GAP AND SENT A STREAM OF DEATH POURING THRU IT INTO THE HOLOCAUST WITHIN...

THEIR FIELD OF FIRE COVERED A BUSY TRAFFIC POINT-



WHERE NO GAPS IN THE WALL SHOWED THEMSELVES, THE TANKS PROVIDED THEIR OWN...



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EMPIRE BUILDERS

JOE AND HIS DAD ACT AND FEEL LIKE MILLIONAIRE RAILROAD OWNERS!

NOW HOWS ABOUT PUTTIN' IN THAT NEW SIDING AT GRAND JUNCTION?

GOOD IDEA! FREIGHT TRAFFIC IS SURE BUILDIN' UP...

GRAND JUNCTION. TOWERMAN OF THE AUTOMATIC SWITCH TOWER GOES BACK INSIDE AS LIONEL'S "TEXAS SPECIAL" FLASHES BY!

WATCH IT, DAD! I'M BRINGING THE SECTION GANG IN RIGHT AFTER THIS TRAIN!

HERE THEY COME!

BRAND NEW SECTION GANG CAR!

Runs on own power just like Lionel locos. When buffer plates at either end strike an object, car reverses direction and little "gandy dancers" face the other way... ONLY $7.95

OKAY, SON. NEW SIDING'S SET!

GOOD— NOW LET'S HOOK UP THIS REMOTE-CONTROL SWITCH.

WATCH HER BACK INTO THE SIDING!

LOOK AT THOSE BIG NEW LIONEL FREIGHT CARS!

THAT NEW FAIRBANKS-MORSE DIESEL IS SURE SUMPN', EH DAD!

YES, YOU'RE ALWAYS BUILDING A BIGGER AND BETTER RAILROAD EMPIRE...WITH LIONEL TRAINS AND ACCESSORIES!

LIONEL

*Plays on all 78 RPM phonographs except some spindle or automatic changers.

LIONEL TRAINS

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New York 46, N. Y.

I enclose 25c. Please send me special Lionel Train catalog offer, postage prepaid

1. The new 44-page full-color Lionel catalog
2. The new 5½ " double-faced record of whistles, bells, railroad sound effects and Diesel horns.*
3. Lionel's special "Pop Persuader."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State____

AACHEN WAS A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK! IN THE FIRST WEEK OF ASSAULT, ONLY THE OUTER SHELL WAS PIERCED... THE REST SWARMED WITH ENTRENCHED NAZIS...
UP THERE... ON THE THIRD FLOOR! DRAG THAT MORTAR OVER HERE!
SET 'ER UP FAST! THEY'RE DOIN' TOO MUCH DAMAGE!
ONE SHELL, THEN ANOTHER, BORED UP INTO THE BUILDING AND EXPLODED...
FOR THE FIRST TIME, YANK TANKS ENGAGED IN POINT-BLANK COMBAT WITH THE NAZI PANZERS IN THE RUBBLED STREETS OF AACHEN...
ARMOR-PIERCING SHELLS CAUGHT THE NAZI MONSTERS AS THEY SCURRIED FOR COVER! STEEL CHURNED THRU STEEL AND FUSED IT INTO SLAG...
SLOWLY, INEXORABLY THE DIE-HARD NAZI DEFENDERS WERE CROWDED INTO THE CORE OF THE RUINED CITY! BUT IN THEIR WAKE THEY LEFT RUINS ALIVE WITH SNIPERS...
4

DREYSEN! HUGHES! SOLCHEK! COME WITH ME! THE REST OF YOU GUYS INFILTRATE THAT BU..D.NG AND WIPE OUT THOSE SNIPERS!

THERE WAS NO REST, NO QUIET, NO LULL IN THE BATTLE! FOR ANOTHER WEEK THE YANKS POKED THRU THE RUINS OF AACHEN, DIGGING OUT NAZIS...

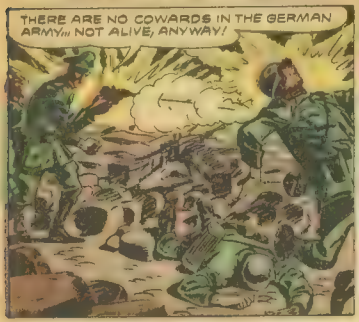
THEY FOUND THEM IN THE CELLARS OF BURNING AACHEN...

ON OCTOBER 17TH, THE NAZIS STILL HELD AACHEN, BUT A VERY SMALL PORT ON OF IT...

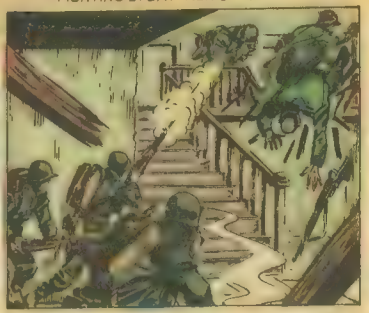
A RING OF ALLIED STEEL WAS WELDED AROUND THE CITY! ONCE AGAIN ARTILLERY SOFTENED UP ITS CORE...

MEANWHILE, IN NAZI HEADQUARTERS, THE FATE OF AACHEN'S DEFENDERS WAS SIGNED AND SEALED...
THE FUEHRER HAS DECIDED! NO SURRENDER! EVERY MAN IN AACHEN IS TO DIE AT HIS POST!
5

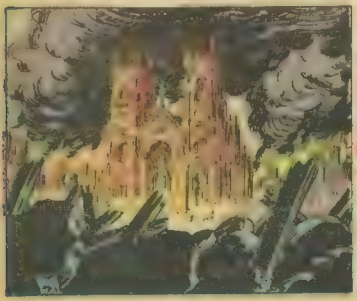
AND SO, THE NAZIS DIED AT THEIR POSTS OR WERE SHOT IF THEY WAVERED...



THE RING OF STEEL TIGHTENED! FROM DOOR TO DOOR, RUN TO RUIN, THE YANKS ADVANCED, FIGHTING EVERY INCH OF THE WAY...

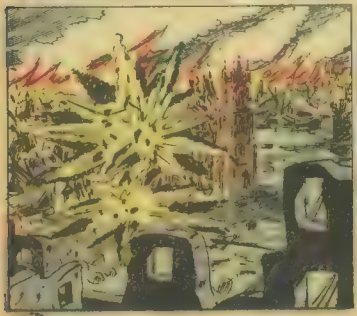


ONE THING REMAINED UNTOUCHED IN AACHEN... THE GREAT CATHEDRAL WHOSE ANCIENT WALLS HAD SEEN CHARLEMAGNE CROWNED EMPEROR OF ALL EUROPE...

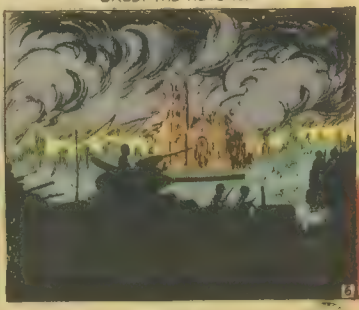


PERHAPS THIS TOO WAS A SYMBOL: PERHAPS THIS ANCIENT PILE OF GRANITE AND MORTAR MEANT VICTORY FOR THE ALLIES...

ON THE MORNING OF THE 21ST DAY, THE LAST REMAINING STRUCTURE IN AACHEN FELL VICTIM TO THE VANDALS WHO HAD INFLAMED THE WORLD!



AACHEN FELL, AND THE ALLIED TIDE ROARED EAST AND SOUTH, BUT THE SYMBOL WHICH NAZISM LOATHED REMAINED STANDING TO GREET THE VICTORS.



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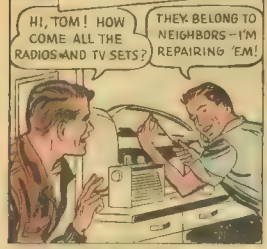

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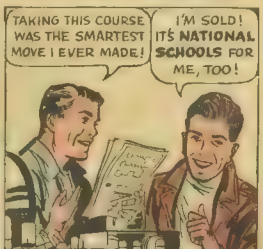

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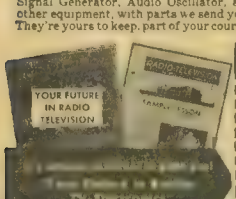

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THE SIGNAL

"QUIT that insane caterwauling," roared Sergeant Chunkins, "or I'll spread you all over the Korean landscape!"

The music ceased, as Private First Class Angus McTavish raised his mild face from his bagpipes.

"Dinna ye appr-reciate good music, ser-r-geant?" Angus asked innocently.

He was answered with another roar, one which shook the tentpost, and caused the tent itself to flutter as if in a hurricane.

"Never mind about whether I appreciate music," the sergeant choked. "You just quit squeezing groans outta that—that bagpipe!" he finished, searching hopelessly for a word strong enough to express his feelings.

Private McTavish's face was still mild and innocent under the sandy hair. "The wor-rd is plural, ser-r-geant," he said. "It is *bagpipes*, not bagpipe. It derrives, I believe, fr-rom the old Gaelic wor-rd, *piobrach*—"

Corporal Bill Bailey, observing the scene from his bunk, and doing his best to keep from laughing, thought the sergeant was going to explode at this point. With a superhuman effort, the sergeant managed to control himself, however, and he turned on his heel and marched off.

Private McTavish returned his face to his pipes, and began once more to produce those sounds which, while they irritate some people who have never heard them before, are considered among the most stirring in the world by those who have become accustomed to them. After about twenty minutes, the lights-out signal came, and Private McTavish carefully put his pipes away and climbed into his bunk—the one next to Private Bailey's.

"Why do you keep irritating the poor sergeant like that, Angus?" Bill wanted to know.

"Me? Ir-r-ritatin' the ser-r-geant?" Private McTavish sounded aggrieved. "I'm entitled to play on my time, am I not?" he demanded. "Why should men be per-r-mitted to make unpleasant noises on guitar-rs, accor-rdions and what not, and I be forbidden to play my war-r-pipes?"

"Warpipes?" Bill rose on one elbow, interested. "What do you mean by that?"

"Dinna ye ken that music like mine has piped br-rave men to war-r for untold hundrreds of year-rs? Fash, mon, why an ancestor of mine piped before the ar-rmies of the Br-ruce, himself—the gr-reat Scottish king who fought the Br-rittish near a thousand year-rs ago."

Bill shrugged in the darkness. "I don't feel the way Sergeant Chunkins does, of course—matter of fact, I like to listen to 'em—but I never knew bagpipes had such a distinguished history."

"Aye, that they do, and they'll distinguish themselves in the future, too. The day of the skirling pipes hasna passed yet!"

"Now, Angus," Bill said gently, "let's not be foolish. I know you love your pipes, but they haven't any place in modern war! Surely you'll admit—"

"I'll no admit a thing!" Angus rasped. "You just wait, mon—you'll see!"

But all Private Bailey saw, in the days that followed, was Sergeant Chunkins' mounting wrath. It began to worry Bill. He knew from past experience that the sergeant could be vindictive when enraged, and he began to suspect that Private Angus McTavish was not the kind to back down in a fight. Things were going to get even more serious, Bill knew.

He was right. The clash, when it came, was awful.

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT STORY

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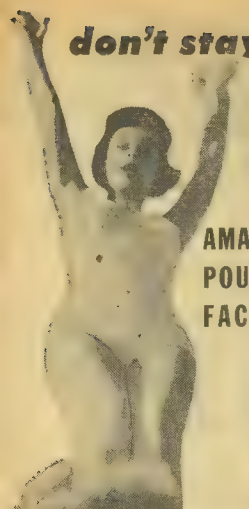

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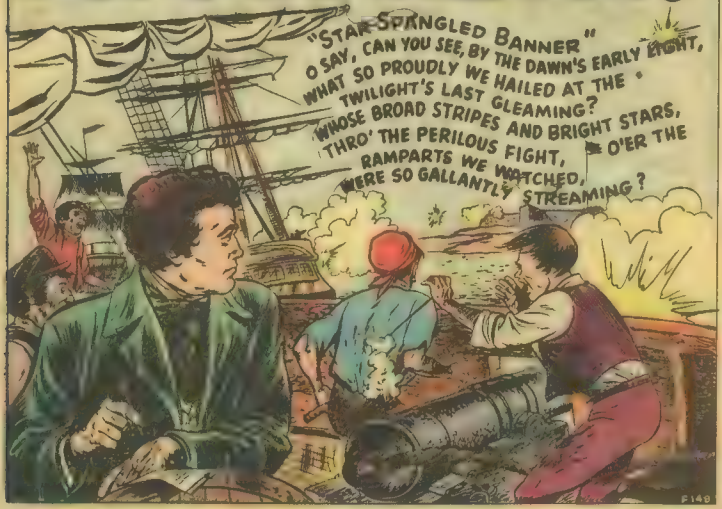
LET AMERICANS NEVER FORGET THE HOPE THAT ROSE FROM THE HOUR OF THEIR COUNTRY'S DEEPEST DESPAIR, WHEN ALL HOPE SEEMED LOST AND OUR FLAG WAS BLURRED BY THE SMOKE OF BATTLE! LET IT BE SHOUTED FROM THE RIMS OF OUR MOUNTAINS, FROM COAST TO COAST! LET THE WORLD KNOW THAT AMERICA SHALL *ALWAYS* BE FREE, AS WE PROCLAIM THE DEEP-GRAINED TRUTHS OF OUR...

ANTHEM!


"STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"
O SAY, CAN YOU SEE, BY THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT,
WHAT SO PROUDLY WE HAILED AT THE
TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING?
WHOSE BROAD STRIPES AND BRIGHT STARS,
THRO' THE PERILOUS FIGHT,
O'ER THE
RAMPARTS WE WATCHED,
WERE SO GALLANTLY STREAMING?
F149

THE WATERS OF CHESAPEAKE BAY WERE BLISTERING WITH THE GUNS OF THE BRITISH NAVY ON SEPTEMBER 12,1814, WHEN AN AMERICAN VISITED THE ENGLISH UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE...

WE SHALL BE PLEASED TO ACCOMODATE YOU, SIR, FOR THE PURPOSE OF YOUR VISIT! KINDLY STATE YOUR PURPOSE AND YOUR FULL NAME!
DR. WILLIAM BEANES IS YOUR PRISONER, CAPTAIN! HE WAS CAPTURED DURING THE BURNING OF WASHINGTON! I AM HERE TO NEGOTIATE HIS RELEASE!

AND SO BEGAN THE STRANGE AND UNUSUAL EVENTS THAT LED TO THE BIRTH OF THE ANTHEM OF A NATION! THE WAR OF 1812 WAS IN FULL FORCE! WASHINGTON, D.C. WAS BURNED AND THE ENEMY HAD VICTORY WITHIN ITS GRASP, AS ONCE MORE THE NEW NATION WAS AT WAR WITH ENGLAND.

AS FRANCIS SCOTT KEY WAS ROWED OUT TO A BRITISH SHIP, HIS EYES WERE GLUED TO THE STARS AND STRIPES THAT WAVED OVER THE BATTLEMENTS OF FORT MCHENRY THAT OVERLOOKED CHESAPEAKE BAY... AND HIS VERY SOUL WAS STIRRED BY THE GLORIOUS SIGHT...

ALL THE MIGHT OF YOUR GUNS WILL NEVER REMOVE THAT STAR-SPANGLED BANNER FROM ITS PLACE, CAPTAIN!

YOU PEOPLE ARE STUBBORN, MR. KEY, BUT BY DAWN WE MAY PROVE YOU WRONG!

WHILE HE WAITED ON BOARD THE BRITISH SHIP TO NEGOTIATE THE RELEASE OF DR. BEANES, KEY NOTICED ACTIVITY ON BOARD THE SHIPS OF THE ENEMY FLEET...

THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING! OUR BATTLEMENTS ARE SMASHED... OUR FORCES ARE TIRED! IF THE BRITISH MASS AN ASSAULT NOW, WILL WE BE ABLE TO STAND UP AGAINST IT?

THEN, A FEW HOURS LATER, THE ARRANGEMENTS WERE MADE FOR THE PRISONER'S RELEASE...

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN! AND NOW I'LL GO BACK TO SHORE, PLEASE!

YOU CANNOT, MR. KEY!

WHY NOT! I CAME UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE! YOU CAN'T KEEP ME HERE, SIR!

I MUST! WHILE YOU WAITED, OUR FLEET WAS PREPARING FOR...

BARA-BOOM!

...THIS!

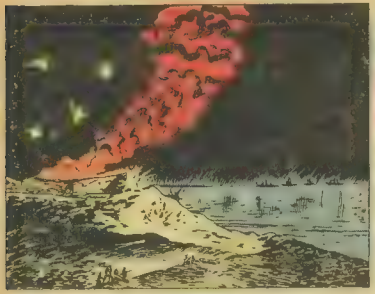
THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT MCHENRY HAD BEGUN, AS SALVO AFTER SALVO OF BRITISH BROADSIDES SMASHED AGAINST THE BATTERED WALLS OF FORT MCHENRY!

LOOK, CAPTAIN! THE FLAG IS STILL WAVING ON HIGH! YOU'LL NEVER TEAR HER DOWN!

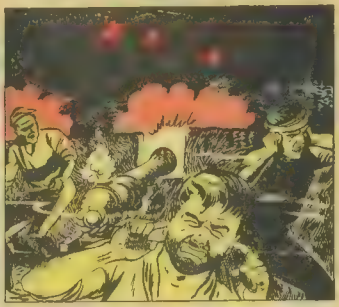
WE SHALL SEE! THE ATTACK HAS ONLY BEGUN!

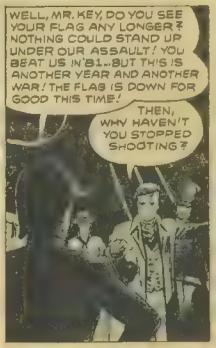
THE CANNONS ROARED...
THE SHELLS HIT...
MORE BRITISH SHIPS JOINED IN THE ATTACK ON THE VALIANT FORT...
AND STILL THE AMERICAN FORCES DID NOT SURRENDER, AS NIGHT FELL OVER FLAMING CHESAPEAKE BAY!
AND ON THE DECK OF THE ENGLISH SHIP, KEY AND HIS MILITARY ESCORT PEERED AT THE FORT THRU THE GLOOM OF THE NIGHT...
DO YOU STILL SEE IT, LANE? IS THE FLAG STILL THERE?
I DON'T KNOW, SIR! IT'S GETTING AWFULLY DARK! I DON'T SEE IT!
THE BRITISH, WITH THE NIGHT, INCREASED THEIR BOMBARDMENT, AND WITH IT, BROUGHT MAN-MADE LIGHT BY WHICH TO SEE, AS THE ROCKETS GLARED AND THE SHELLS BURST INTO FLAMING LIGHT!
THERE IT IS! SHE'S STILL FLYING! I CAN SEE HER!
SO CAN I! OH MAY IT NEVER COME DOWN! IF IT DOES, OUR CAUSE IS LOST!
BUT IT WON'T BE, LANE! LOOK! THE FORT'S GIVING OUT AS WELL AS IT'S TAKING!
HER WALLS BATTERED, MANY OF HER GUNS CRIPPLED, HER AMMUNITION RUNNING LOW, FORT MCHENRY GAVE EVERYTHING SHE HAD IN THE BATTLE OF CHESAPEAKE BAY, ON THAT TERRIBLE NIGHT...
WELL, CAPTAIN? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY FLAG NOW, SIR?
IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING OF THE NIGHT! WILL IT STILL BE THERE AT DAWN?
3

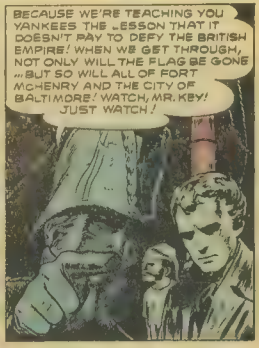
THE BOMBARDMENT INCREASED IN INTENSITY, AS THE BRITISH POURED EVERYTHING THEY HAD INTO THE ASSAULT! THE SKY, THE SEA AND THE VERY EARTH TREMBLED AND HEAVED WITH THE FORCE OF THE ATTACK!



THE SMOKE GREW THICKER, BLOTTING OUT EVERY SIGN OF LIFE ON THE FORT, EXCEPT THE FURY OF HER GUNS, WHICH STILL RESPONDED IN COUNTER-FIRE!




WELL, MR. KEY, DO YOU SEE YOUR FLAG ANY LONGER? NOTHING COULD STAND UP UNDER OUR ASSAULT! YOU BEAT US IN '81.. BUT THIS IS ANOTHER YEAR AND ANOTHER WAR! THE FLAG IS DOWN FOR GOOD THIS TIME!
THEN, WHY HAVEN'T YOU STOPPED SHOOTING?


BECAUSE WE'RE TEACHING YOU YANKEES THE LESSON THAT IT DOESN'T PAY TO DEFY THE BRITISH EMPIRE! WHEN WE GET THROUGH, NOT ONLY WILL THE FLAG BE GONE ... BUT SO WILL ALL OF FORT MCHENRY AND THE CITY OF BALTIMORE! WATCH, MR. KEY!
JUST WATCH!

AND THE TERRIBLE ASSAULT WENT ON AND ON, CEASELESSLY, THRU THE NIGHT! SMOKE AND FIRE FILLED THE AIR AND THUNDER ROARED FROM THE BRITISH GUNS!

THEN, AT DAWN...

THEN, AS THE GRAY SKY CLEARED, THERE IT WAS! TATTERED AND TORN, IT HAD WAVED THRU THE LONG NIGHT AND NOW IT WAS STILL THERE, AS PROUD AS EVER!

I'VE *GOT* TO GET DOWN ON PAPER HOW I FEEL! EVERY EMOTION... EVERY BIT OF LOVE FOR *THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER!* I WANT EVERY AMERICAN TO REMEMBER THIS MOMENT!

AND FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, ON THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 13, 1814, BEGAN THE WORDS THAT WERE TO STIR A NATION FOR ALL THE YEARS TO COME...

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light so proudly we hail, at the twilight's last gleaming?

WHOSE BROAD STRIPES AND BRIGHT STARS, THRO' THE PERILOUS FIGHT, O'ER THE RAMPARTS WE WATCHED WERE SO GALLANTLY STREAMING?

THE MAJESTIC AND INSPIRING WORDS WERE SET TO THE TUNE OF AN OLD SONG CALLED, "ANACREON IN HEAVEN", AND WAS ADOPTED BY THE ARMY AND THE NAVY AS ITS OFFICIAL ANTHEM...

AND SO THE DEEP EMOTIONS OF FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, AS HE PEERED THRU THE DAWN ON BOARD THE BRITISH SHIP FOR A GLIMPSE OF HIS COUNTRY'S FLAG, BECAME THE EMOTIONS OF MILLIONS OF AMERICANS WHO TOOK THEM AS THEIR OWN...

AND THE ROCKETS' RED GLARE, THE BOMBS BURSTING IN AIR GAVE PROOF THRU THE NIGHT THAT OUR FLAG WAS STILL THERE!

IN 1931, CONGRESS MADE IT OFFICIAL BY NAMING "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER" THE NATIONAL ANTHEM OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA! TODAY WE STILL RE-ECHO THE WORDS OF THE IMMORTAL SONG, NO MATTER HOW DARK THE NIGHT OR BRIGHT THE DAY...

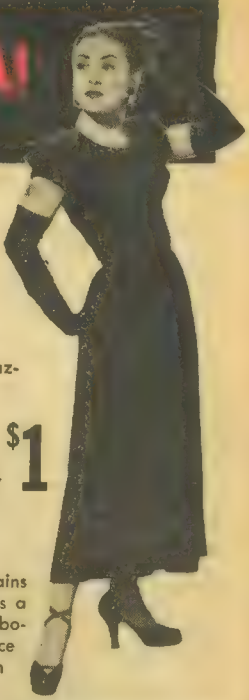
O SAY, DOES THAT STAR-SPANGLED BANNER YET WAVE, O'ER THE LAND OF THE FREE, AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE?

THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN WAR TALES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

CHEW IMPROVED FORMULA

CHEWING GUM! REDUCE



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"...CONTINUED

Sergeant Chunkins precipitated it by ordering all musical instruments to be left behind when the men were ordered to the front. Private McTavish heard the order stoically, then stepped forward.

"I take it ye dinna include me in that or-r-der, sar-r-ge," he said quietly.

"Include you!" the sergeant bellowed. "The order was meant for you and your—banshee, personally!"

"My bagpipes are no a musical instrument," Private McTavish began doggedly. They're pipes o' war-r—"

"War!" screamed the sergeant, losing his head completely, "what do you know about war, you little coward—"

"Ye wouldna say that, if ye weren't wearin' sergeant's stripes to pr-rotect ye!"

Sergeant Chunkins ripped off his shirt angrily, and the little private, half the size of the burly sergeant, charged in, fists swinging. Private McTavish swung once, and missed, and Sergeant Chunkins swung once—and didn't miss.

Looking down at the unconscious private, Sergeant Chunkins rubbed his chin reflectively. "The little feller is pretty spunky, at that. Maybe I've made a mistake about him...."

"You did, Sarge," Corporal Bailey told him. "You should let him come along—with his bagpipes."

The question had already settled, unfortunately. Private Angus McTavish was found to have a broken jaw, and he and his pipes were left behind as the outfit moved into the front lines.

A month went by. A month of fighting, and death, and suffering. Then came the day of the big push. The men in Sergeant Chunkins' outfit actually knew little of the over-all strategy. All they really knew was that one morning they were ordered forward. They took a hill under heavy fire, and were ordered to hold it at all cost.

All day they fought, and when night came, they were still in possession of the hill. Around them, on all sides, heavy artillery was going off—the enemy's and their own. Suddenly, Corporal Bailey noticed a change in the artillery fire. Alarmed, he called the sergeant over.

"Listen, Sarge," he said hoarsely, "do you hear what I hear?"

The sergeant listened, and his rugged face grew pale. "Those are all enemy guns," he whispered. "We're surrounded! And we don't even know in which direction to fight our way through!"

"Don't our forces know we're cut off?" Bill asked. "Couldn't they signal us which way to go?"

"How are they gonna signal us, with all this noise—"

Then, over the screams of dying men and the roar of exploding shells, came the wild, highland skirling of a bagpipe.

"That's Angus!" Corporal Bailey howled. "Come on—let's head for the sound of those warpipes!"

The men swarmed off the hill, with Sergeant Chunkins and Corporal Bailey in the lead. After a few moments of bitter fighting, they were safe in their own lines.

Sergeant Chunkins and Corporal Bailey went looking for Private McTavish. They found him, finally, still skirling his pipes.

When he saw them, he stopped playing. "Hello, Bill," he said. "Sar-r-ge, I suppose you'll be askin' me to quit playing my pipes—"

"Quit!" roared Sergeant Chunkins, "don't you dare stop! It's the most beautiful music I've heard in my life!"

THE END A-669

THE SERBS

IT WAS DURING THOSE DISCOURAGING EARLY DAYS OF WORLD WAR I, THAT A MIGHTY AUSTRIAN ARMY, ARMED AND TUTORED BY THEIR GERMAN MASTERS, SWEPT THROUGH SERBIA! THE GALLANT SERBS RALLIED TO THEIR KING AND FLAG, BUT AGAINST THE AUSTRIAN HORDES THEY COULD NOT STAND, AND WERE PUSHED BACK FURTHER, UNTIL ALL THE WORLD THOUGHT THAT SERBIA WAS DOOMED...

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE SERBS IN THOSE DARK DAYS, AND OF ONE SERB IN PARTICULAR, PRIVATE STEPHAN BRANKOVIC, WHO WAS REPRESENTATIVE OF HIS PEOPLE...

BUT TO TELL YOU THIS FATEFUL STORY OF A NATION AND OF A SERB, WE MUST GO BACK SOME YEARS, BEFORE THE KAISER SET THE WORLD AFLAME, BACK TO THE EARLY YEARS OF STEPHAN BRANKOVIC...

AND SO THE HERO, MANULIC, SPOKE TO HIS MEN IN WORDS OF FIRE AND A GREAT SHOUT WENT UP FROM THEM, AND THEY FOLLOWED HIM INTO THE FLAMES OF BATTLE AND CONQUERED THEIR ENEMY!

FATHER, SING THE BALLAD NOW...

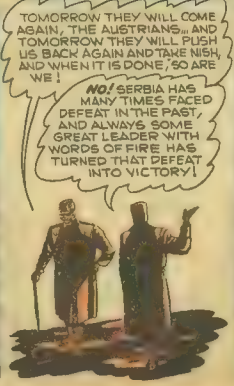
NO, YOU MUST WAIT UNTIL ONE OF THE SINGERS COMES TO SING THE BALLAD OF THE HEROES! OFF TO BED NOW, STEPHAN.
WHILE TENDING THE HERDS OF GREAT SWINE, SERBIA'S MAJOR INDUSTRY, STEPHAN, LIKE MOST SERBIAN BOYS, DREAMT FINE DREAMS...
SOMEDAY I WILL BECOME A SOLDIER AND FOLLOW SOME GREAT HERO TO VICTORY, JUST AS IT TELLS IN THE BALLADS AND LEGENDS!
WE GREW UP WITH THESE TALES, PICTURING HIMSELF A PART OF THEM, A SOLDIER OF SERBIA, LED BY A HERO TO VICTORY IN BATTLE...
NOW YOU GO TO BECOME A SOLDIER, AS IS THE LOT OF EVERY SERBIAN BOY. LEARN SOLDIERING WELL, SO THAT YOU MAY FIGHT FOR YOUR COUNTRY, IF THAT DAY COMES!
I WILL, PAPA!
AND THAT DAY CAME! THE KAISER THREW HIS AUSTRIAN ALLIES AGAINST THE SERBS...
AND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, THE NEWS FLASHED...
LONDON DAILY
AUSTRIA INVADES SERBIA!!
HUGE AUSTRIAN ARMY CROSSES SERBIAN BORDER!
SERBS IN RETREAT
MESSIEURS, IT IS VERY BAD! IF THE SERBS DO NOT STOP THE AUSTRIANS...
THEN SERBIA, AND THE BALKANS ARE LOST!
MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS
THE KAISER LAID HIS PLANS WELL!
SERBIA MUST BE DEFEATED! ONCE THE AUSTRIAN ARMY HAS REACHED NISH, THE NEW TEMPORARY SERBIAN CAPITAL, AND TAKEN IT, WE WILL OPEN THE ORIENT RAILWAY TO THE BULGARIAN FRONTIER!

AND OLD KING PETER OF SERBIA KNEW WHAT THAT WOULD MEAN, AS DID ALL THE MILITARY AND POLITICAL MEN OF THE WORLD!
THROUGH THE ORIENT RAILWAY TO BULGARIA WILL PASS HUGE HORDES OF TURKS TO THE BATTLE LINES OF WESTERN EUROPE! GENTLEMEN, IF WE ARE DEFEATED, EUROPE IS DEFEATED TOO, AND THE GLOBE WILL REST IN THE MAILED FIST OF GERMAN MILITARISM!
THE SERBS WERE PUSHED BACKWARD BY THE MODERN WEAPONS OF A SUPERIOR FOE...
AND STEPHAN BRANKOVIC WAS ONE OF THOSE SERBIAN SOLDIERS RETREATING BEFORE THE AUSTRIAN HORDES...
SERGEANT NEMANJAS, HAVE YOUR MEN DIG IN HERE! WE REST UNTIL DAWN!
HOW FAR ARE WE FROM NISH?
NOT VERY FAR! I REMEMBER ONCE I WENT THERE WITH MY FATHER TO THE SWINE MARKET! IT WAS A FAIR CITY!
I ALWAYS DREAMED OF BEING A SOLDIER, LED BY A GREAT HERO LIKE IN THE LEGENDS, LISTENING TO WORDS OF FIRE THAT WOULD GIVE STRENGTH TO MY SINEWS AND SWEEP US FORWARD TO VICTORY!
I, TOO, HAD MY DREAMS! BUT HOW DIFFERENT IS THIS, THE REALITY!
WHY IS IT SO DIFFERENT, STEPHAN?
BECAUSE THESE ARE NOT THE OLD DAYS! THIS IS NOT A WAR OF PERSONAL COURAGE AND HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT! IT'S A WAR OF IMPERSONAL CANNON AND LONG-RANGE SHELLS! THE OLD DAYS ARE GONE!

BY DECEMBER, THE ALLIES CONSIDERED SERBIA LOST! THE SERBS, WEARY AND BEATEN, CAMPED BEFORE NISH...

MY POOR PEOPLE! THEY HAVE GIVEN SO MUCH! COME, WE WILL WALK AMONG THEM... PERHAPS GIVE THEM SOME CHEER!
YOUR EXCELLENCY, THE NIGHT AIR IS NOT GOOD FOR YOU!

BUT IN THE NIGHT, THE OLD KING LIMPED TOWARD HIS ARMY, IN HIS HEART THE ANGUISH AND SORROW THAT A RULER CAN KNOW WHO LOVES HIS PEOPLE AND HIS LAND!

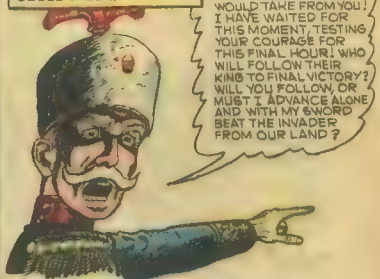

TOMORROW THEY WILL COME AGAIN, THE AUSTRIANS... AND TOMORROW THEY WILL PUSH US BACK AGAIN AND TAKE NISH, AND WHEN IT IS DONE, SO ARE WE!
NO! SERBIA HAS MANY TIMES FACED DEFEAT IN THE PAST, AND ALWAYS SOME GREAT LEADER WITH WORDS OF FIRE HAS TURNED THAT DEFEAT INTO VICTORY!

IT IS TRUE! IT IS WRITTEN IN THE HISTORY BOOKS, SUNG IN THE BALLADS AND TOLD IN THE LEGENDS!
YOU ARE A FOOL, JACOB! THAT WAS IN THE OLD DAYS!

WHEN STEPHAN SPOKE, ECHOING THE WORDS THAT WERE IN THE HEARTS OF ALL THE YOUNG MEN OF SERBIA...
THE OLD DAYS ARE DEAD FOREVER! THE GREAT HEROES ARE GONE TO DUST! OUR KING, OUR LEADER IS AN OLD MAN! WE HAVE NO GREAT LEADER AS OF OLD, WHOSE WORDS CAN BRING US COURAGE!
THERE ARE NO LEADERS LEFT LIKE THE HEROES OF OLD, AND SERBIA, OUR BELOVED COUNTRY IS DOOMED!
OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES...
GO INTO THE CITY! IN MY STABLES IS THE WHITE CHARGER WHICH I, IN THE OLD DAYS, RODE TO PARADE! BRING HIM TO ME HERE... AND SUMMON MY SERVANTS TO BRING ME THE OLD UNIFORM... THE ONE MY FATHER WORE! HURRY!
OLD KING PETER, STRICKEN IN YEARS, AND INFIRMITIES, SWORE THEN A GREAT OATH...
THEY SHALL HAVE THEIR HERO, THEY WHO HAVE FOUGHT SO GALLANTLY FOR SERBIA! TODAY I HAVE LEARNED A LESSON... THAT THE HEROES OF OLD NEVER DIE... AND IF IT BE WITHIN MY POWER, NOW, WHEN ONE IS NEEDED MORE THAN EVER BEFORE...
...THEN SHALL I SUPPLY THEM WITH A HERO, A LEADER WHOM THEY WILL FOLLOW TO VICTORY!
THEY HELPED THE GALLANT KING ONTO HIS HORSE...
MAJOR, FORM THE MEN... BLOW THE BUGLES IN THE OLD WAY! THE ARMIES OF SERBIA ARE NOT YET DEFEATED!
THE BUGLES BLEW A FANFARE... THE SOLDIERS STOOD IN RANKS AT ATTENTION!

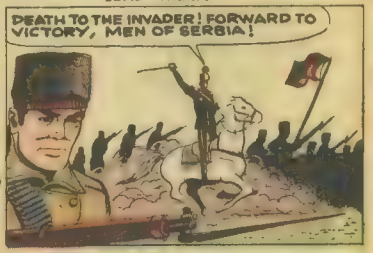
THEN, MUSTERING ALL THE FIRE THAT HAD EARNED THE OLD WARRIOR FRANCE'S LEGION OF HONOR IN 1870, KING PETER RODE BEFORE HIS SOLDIERS...

AND IN THE MANNER OF THE CHIEFS OF THE PAST, OF THE HEROES OF LEGEND AND BALLAD, HE HARANGUED THEM IN A VOICE LIKE A BUGLE CALL...


YOU HAVE TASTED DEFEAT... NOW IT IS THE TIME TO TASTE VICTORY! THIS IS SERBIA YOU FIGHT FOR... YOUR LAND, THAT THESE AUSTRIANS WOULD TAKE FROM YOU! I HAVE WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT, TESTING YOUR COURAGE FOR THIS FINAL HOUR! WHO WILL FOLLOW THEIR KING TO FINAL VICTORY? WILL YOU FOLLOW OR MUST I ADVANCE ALONE AND WITH MY SWORD BEAT THE INVADER FROM OUR LAND?

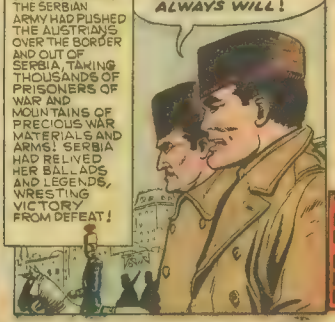
THERE WAS SILENCE IN THE RANKS; THEN, SUDDENLY, A ROAR BEGAN, GROWING IN VOLUME, LIKE A CANNON'S ROAR...

THROUGH TEARS OF EMOTION, A GALLANT ARMY FOLLOWED THEIR KING TOWARD THE AUSTRIAN CAMPS! WEARINESS, BITTERNESS, DEFEAT WERE FORGOTTEN, FOR THEY HAD FOUND A LEADER, A HERO IN THE GREAT TRADITION, TO LEAD THEM!



WHAT FOLLOWED IS HISTORY! FIRED BY THEIR KING, THE SERBIAN ARMY SWEPT FORWARD LIKE A TIDAL WAVE, OVERWHELMING THE AUSTRIANS, SMASHING THEM BACK, REELING IN DEFEAT, RETAKING BELGRADE!

RETREAT TURNED TO FLIGHT, AND WITHIN A MIRACULOUS FEW DAYS, THE SERBIAN ARMY HAD PUSHED THE AUSTRIANS OVER THE BORDER AND OUT OF SERBIA, TAKING THOUSANDS OF PRISONERS OF WAR AND MOUNTAINS OF PRECIOUS WAR MATERIALS AND ARMS! SERBIA HAD RELIVED HER BALLADS AND LEGENDS, WRESTING VICTORY FROM DEFEAT!



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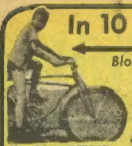

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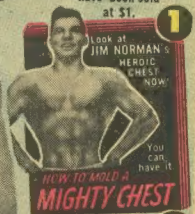

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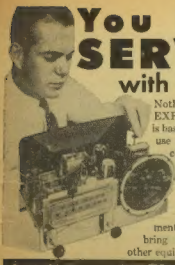

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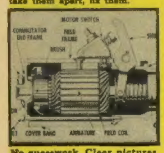

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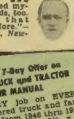

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